

Frank B. Ford
GREENE STREET ARTISTS' BUILDING
5225 Greene Street
Philadelphia, PA 191442927
(215)8487385

A Tragedy Anent The International Phonetic Alphabet

A couple who pronounced. Everything perfectly, American with a *whiff* of British. Accent is too strong a term; one could, of course, say affectation, but we all affect, so what's the point?

They had taste in everything, style, were precise in everything.

Then one night, heading out to the very best French restaurant, he says he'll get the *cur*. No humor here..they had no dog...well not ever anything so obvious and debased, no matter what.

He never again mispronounced car or any other word, but she inexplicably started aging. Diacritical marks on her face. Well similarI'm just playing and I shouldn't. They were my friendsas best three academics could manage.

And as she aged he stayed youthful. I started calling him, secretly, Dorian Gray of the IPA, after Oscar Wilde's work.

How perfect John Betjamen in his poem depicting the sad end of that poet! Wit within convention. Why oh why can't other artists follow that example? That is, the tradition hands us perfectly lovely frames. We consumers of the arts do not have the time or patience for the periodic *dismantling* of them by those with wild eyes and shabby backgrounds.

At any rate, she has metamorphosised to Very Early Alzheimer's; he performs the perfect waiter.

And although she does pronounce every word, it's a scramble as to any meaning for hovering him.

Well what does anything mean, anyway? It's all simply a deal we make with each other, you must agree.

